

The image shows the front cover of a book. The main part of the cover is decorated with a traditional marbled paper pattern, featuring large, irregular, light blue-grey shapes with small dark spots, separated by thin, dark, branching veins. A vertical strip of tan-colored material, likely cloth or leather, forms the spine on the left side. A white rectangular label is affixed to the lower part of the spine, and a red rectangular label is at the bottom of the spine.

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A Family
Gathering.

N^o 4339a.123







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LITH. OF SARONY, MAJOR & KNAPP, 449 BROADWAY, N. YORK.

Your Aff^{te} Grandmother,
Sarah C. Dodge

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FAMILY GATHERING

OF THE

DESCENDANTS OF

MRS. SARAH CLEVELAND DODGE,

On Her Eightieth Birth-Day.

NOVEMBER 7, 1860.

NEW YORK :

JOHN F. TROW, PRINTER, 50 GREENE STREET,

1861.

Feb. 7, 1910

9

Went to the bank and
deposited the money.

Went to the
post office.

Went to the
grocery store.

A FAMILY GATHERING.

WEDNESDAY, November 7, 1860, is a day whose pleasant memories will long be fresh in the hearts of the descendants of the late DAVID L. DODGE.

The *Eightieth* Anniversary of the birthday of Mrs. SARAH CLEVELAND DODGE, his wife, brought together a large number of her descendants, to rejoice in the goodness of that kind Providence which had spared her for so many years, with such good health, unimpaired faculties, and cheerful spirits.

The gathering was at an early hour of the evening, at the house of her son WILLIAM E. DODGE, in Madison Avenue, New York.

Each family was represented in part, and with its branches occupied a distinct portion of the room, while the venerable Lady was seated in an arm chair at the head of the parlour, where her eye could rest upon the entire group. At eight o'clock, her son WILLIAM E. DODGE called the assembly to order ; and standing beside his Mother, spoke briefly as follows :

For a number of years I have looked forward to this evening, trusting that a kind Providence would spare the life of our beloved parent, and permit us to meet together on the occasion of her *Eightieth* birth-day ; and I am rejoiced that so many of her descendants have been permitted to gather around her, and mingle their congratulations ; it is such a scene as is seldom witnessed, and one of deep and tender interest to all. What wonderful results have come to pass, from the announcement eighty years ago, that a little infant had just opened her eyes upon earth. That little one has become a multitude, and this large collection of descendants look up to her as their maternal head.

What changes have taken place in the short space of her single life. At her birth our country contained a population of only some three millions ; now we have thirty-one millions ; then, our city had less than twenty-two thousand, now, eight hundred thousand. During her lifetime, all those great benevolent and missionary organizations which bless the world, have been commenced. How difficult is it to realize, that such vast changes can have occurred during the lifetime of a single individual, and may not still greater events transpire within the lifetime of some of the descendants of our beloved Mother, present here this evening ;—if any of them shall attain her advanced age ?

When Parliament is convened, one of the ministers of the Queen is privileged to read her royal address to her subjects. To me it is a greater honour, on this occasion, to be my Mother's minister, and read the address she has written for her descendants. There are many to take part in the exercises of the evening, and I will not longer detain you with my own thoughts, which are indeed too

deep for utterance, but read her Greeting as follows :

Welcome, my children and grandchildren dear.
 I rejoice that you have assembled here,
 To join in praise and thanksgiving with me,
 On this joyful day of jubilee—
 To Him who has lengthened out my days,
 I owe unbounded songs of praise.
 He early sought my soul to claim,
 To trust Him, and revere His name.
 Kindly He led me through various ways,
 And His mercy has followed me all my days.
 In dangers known; unknown; still plainly I've seen,
 That my God's preserving care ever has been :
 From languishing on the bed of pain,
 He raised me to health and strength again :
 He has given me children, kind and dear,
 A Progeny numerous, as exemplified here ;
 For those loved ones He has been pleased to call home,
 I will not mourn—to them, soon I shall come.—
 And now, my Beloved, I turn to you ;
 Are not your praises also due ?
 For your Heavenly Father's richer grace,
 Shown *you* above myriads of our race :
 They born in lands as dark as night,
 Trained with no ray of Gospel light ;
Your birth has been in this favoured land,
 Where blessings abound on every hand ;
 With parents kind to guide your way,
 Lest in devious paths, your feet should stray :

God's holy Word they taught to revere,
 Which shows the way of Salvation so clear ;
 To seek the Lord, most earnest its call,
 Since Jesus has died, to rescue us all.—
 I rejoice, my descendants, so many are led,
 To trust in the Saviour who suffered and bled ;
 Yet fain do I hope that they all will submit,
 And cast down their Idols at Jesus's feet ;
 Let go their hold on this world's transient joys,
 For a treasure in Heaven, where nothing alloys.
 A damper is cast o'er our pleasures to-day,
 That so many dear ones are far, far, away.
Out of sight, yet still we are with them in *heart*,
 And to hear of their welfare, true joy doth impart.
 They are just as near Heaven—*there* at last may *we*
 meet,
Where Love will be perfect, and Communion sweet.

After the reading of these lines of welcome: by request,—WILLIAM DODGE PORTER presented some statistics of the family, of which the following is a brief summary ; closing with a Birth-Day Greeting to his Grandmother, as follows :

DAVID LOW DODGE, born in Brooklyn, Conn., June 17, 1774, and SARAH CLEVELAND, born in Norwich, Conn., November 7, 1780, were united in marriage, June 7, 1798.

They had seven children : five daughters, and two sons, as follows :

1. JULIA STUART, married to JOSEPH C. HUNTINGTON of Norwich, Conn. They had 11 children, of whom 5 are dead. Of the remaining 6, there have been 5 married, and these have had 11 children, of which number 10 are now living. Mr. Huntington died April 30, 1852, aged 60 ; and Mrs. Huntington, December 23, 1859, aged 60.

Total in the family of HUNTINGTON, 29.

2. SARAH CLEVELAND, married to HENRY C. PORTER of Hartford, Conn. They had 5 children, 3 of whom are married ; and these have had 5 children, all living. Mrs. Porter died January 9, 1846, aged 44.

Total in the family of PORTER, 16.

3. DAVID STUART, married to CAROLINE HYDE, of Bozrahville, Conn. They had 10 children, of whom 3 are dead ; and one is married.

Total in the family of D. S. DODGE, 13.

4. WILLIAM EARL, married to MELISSA

PHELPS of New York. They had 11 children, of whom 4 are dead. Of the remaining 7, there are 3 married, and they have 4 children, all living.

Total in the family of WM. E. DODGE, 20.

5. MARY ABIAH, married to NORMAN WHITE of New York. They had 10 children, of whom 7 are living. Of this number 4 are married; and these have 4 children, all living. Mrs. White died January 5, 1857, aged 48 years.

Total in the family of WHITE, 21.

6. ELIZABETH CLEMENTINE, married to EDMUND B. STEDMAN of Hartford, Conn. They had 3 children, of whom 2 are living. One of these is married, and has 2 children. Mr. Stedman died December 5, 1835, aged 48, while at sea on a voyage for his health. Mrs. Stedman was subsequently married to WILLIAM B. KINNEY of Newark, N. J., and they have had 2 children, both living.

Total in the family of STEDMAN and KINNEY, 11.

7. SUSAN PRATT, married to UZAL CORY of Plainfield, N. J. They had 5 children, of

whom 3 are living. One of these is married, and has one child. Mrs. Cory died October 29, 1854, aged 41 years.

Total in the family of CORY, 10.

The Descendants of David L. and Sarah C. Dodge are then as follows : children, 7 ; grandchildren, 57 ; great-grandchildren, 27 ; 91 of the direct descendants : and if to these we add 29 who have intermarried into the family, there are 120 in all. Not one of this entire number has ever brought dishonour upon the name of his ancestors ; and of the 95 now living, 51 are professors of religion. Of the remaining 44, there are 25 still under 13 years of age, who we have faith to believe, will be brought early into the fold of the Saviour ; so that, in view of the results of the past, and hopes of the future, we can truly say of our revered Grandfather, “the memory of the just is blessed ;” and of our beloved Grandmother, “her children shall rise up and call her blessed ;” and I am sure that each one here to-night, will cordially unite with me in saying, as the sincere prayer of our hearts :

DEAR Grandmother, on this your festal day,
 When *eighty* years at length have rolled away
 Since first you came to earth ; we here would prove
 The heart-felt tribute of our earnest love.

We bless our God that he has spared your life,
 'Mid scenes of care, and toil, and anxious strife,
 To this good, green, old age ; may it be given
 To prove, indeed, a stepping-stone to heaven.

We come to-night, with hearts that would set forth
 Our gratitude for all your Christian worth :
 Both child and grandchild ; e'en the little one,
 Whose feet the race of life have just begun.

We still revere the memory of him,
 Who, long in Heaven, feels not the power of Sin.
David, our Sire ; the man by God approved,
 Dwells with that Saviour, whom so long he loved.

We know, *ten years ago* you crossed that line
 Which separates Eternity from Time ;
 And yet we pray that many days be given,
 Before you wing your flight from Earth to Heaven.

Four Daughters loved, await you in *that* home ;
 They have gone first ; and you will follow soon—
Sarah—then *Susan*—*Mary*—*Julia* last ;
 From earthly toil, to heavenly rest they passed.

Only one left, and she on foreign shore,
 Expects to meet her mother *here* no more :
Elizabeth—but she, we know, will pray
 That God may keep you; though so far away.

Two sons, the staff of your declining years,
 Often have caused you happiness—not tears—
David and *William*; and they still will prove,
 The comfort of that mother whom they love.

God bless you ever, is our earnest prayer
 At home, abroad, always, and everywhere;
 In health or sickness; here; in heaven above,
 Where, sorrows ended, all will e'er be love.

And when the scenes of life are fading fast,
 May Jesus be your solace to the last;
 And then with dear ones who have gone before,
 In that blest world all meet, *to part no more*.

BUT SHALL WE ALL BE THERE, with happy end?
 Is Christ, *our* hope, *our* trust, *our* DEAREST friend?
 If so, then welcome Death: soon shall we be
 Praising Emmanuel through eternity.

REV. ERSKINE N. WHITE of Richmond,
 Staten Island, a Grandson, being called upon,
 spoke as follows :

I think I may venture to say, that there

is no one of us here to-night, whose heart is not full.

Yet, although there is so much of deep interest in the heart, it is still no easy task, to say any thing that shall seem especially called for at the present time. And this is not strange ; for the bond that has drawn us together to-night, holds all with such equal strength, that the thoughts of one must be almost necessarily repeated in the mind of each, making an attempt to frame them in words, seem well nigh useless.

The feeling that has been most prominent in my own mind, as I have stood here this evening, is one of gratitude. I do not mean, however, the gratitude that we all necessarily feel as a family—gratitude that our Grandmother has attained to an age beyond the common lot of man—gratitude that her health is so good, and her faculties so bright—nor, indeed, gratitude for the blessings that have been showered upon us as a family—for the lives that have been spared—for the temporal prosperity accorded—and for our happy lot to-day. All this of

course we feel ; but it is not that which, to-night, has been most prominent in my mind. What I do mean, is this—*the personal gratitude that each one of us individually should feel, because our Grandparents were just what they were.*

Their character has had its direct effect upon all of us as individuals, moulding our characters ; and conducing in large measure to make each one just what he is. I do not refer alone to those who were directly nurtured by their care, and swayed by their personal presence ; but to every one in whose veins their blood still flows, even to that little babe up-stairs, who, perhaps, hereafter, will scarcely realize, that his own father's grandparents ever lived. The reason is obvious. Not one of us doubts the influence that his own parent has had upon him ; and what, under God, has made that father's or that mother's character what it is ? the *influence* of *her* whom we assemble to-night, to greet ; and of *him* whose memory we reverence and love. Had *they* been other than what they were, most assuredly the mark of that difference

would have been visible in us. And when shall this power cease? As generation succeeds generation, it must, in wider and wider circles, still affect in greater or less degree, every descendant, even down to the end of time.

Looking then at this influence, operating upon, and to a great extent moulding the character of each, and conducing to whatever of good may be within us; ought we not to expect to find in the heart of each one here to-night, whether old or young, a feeling of profound *personal gratitude*?

A practical thought, too, has suggested itself to my mind: How heavy the responsibility laid upon every man, that he commit untarnished to those who come after him, that influence which has been bequeathed to him. We must not forget that just as a good man, coming into any family line, divides all his posterity from the main stream, by the new influence that he sends down—an influence that becomes wider in its reach as time passes; so, on the other hand, if any one among his offspring proves unworthy, or un-

true to the teachings he has received, another division inevitably follows : and that portion of the current, which he in his turn has affected, must go on in its polluted course, distinctly marked, and separate from the rest.

There are others here who can speak better, and more appropriately, than I can, of the love that draws us together this evening ; and of the fondness with which we look up to her, who is the Mother of all who are gathered here. I must not longer occupy the time.

If we can all carry away with us a determination, that, by the grace of God, our influence shall never tend to undo the influence of those whom we so truly revere, our gathering to-night will have an effect beyond the fact, that we have met as brothers and sisters ; to join hand with hand, and heart to heart, that as one family, we may unite in blessing our beloved Mother.

Dr. DAVID S. DODGE, the oldest Son, being next called upon, spoke as follows :

This occasion, and this scene, remind us

forcibly of the faithfulness of the God of Abraham ; and that His gracious promises have been fulfilled in all succeeding ages.

We are reminded of the great blessing of being the children of pious ancestors ; having been partakers of the grace and favour of God, in answer to the prayers, example, influence, and admonitions of our Parents : and we who are now the heads of families, have abundant reason to remember all the way in which we have been led, from our earliest days to the present time, by the good Providence of God.

“ His mercies have been new every morning, and fresh every evening ; ” how many have been our temporal blessings, but above all, our spiritual favours : and while we have to mourn over our many deficiencies and shortcomings, and the errors committed in endeavouring to train up our children in the fear of the Lord ; still we have, as individuals and as families, reason to bless God, that so many of us here present have, as we humbly trust, a saving interest in our crucified Redeemer.

We should also remember, that of the great number of over one hundred of the immediate descendants of our dear and venerable Mother, who has been permitted to see this her *eightieth* birth-day, not one has been deficient in natural endowments ; not one has been permitted to so far forsake the right way, as to bring disgrace upon the family ; not one, to openly deny the faith of our Fathers.

We have also occasion for gratitude, that among the bereavements which every family have from time to time been called to experience, there has never been one instance, where they have had to mourn as those that have no hope.

We should be also thankful that the many here present, and those providentially absent, are in the enjoyment of a good degree of temporal prosperity ; and those who are now forming characters, give good promise as to the future.

But I must bring these remarks to a close ; for there are others here to occupy the time : and called upon unexpectedly to speak,

I find the emotions prompted by the occasion overcome me too much, to give any adequate expression to the real feelings of my heart.

MR. NORMAN WHITE, a Son-in-Law, being called upon, said :

I had not expected to make any remarks upon this occasion ; but I need no urging, for my heart is full. This gathering is one of intense interest. Here we see a venerable Lady surrounded by her descendants ; and although I am not a descendant, yet she has been to me a very dear Mother, and none present, I am sure, feel a deeper or warmer love for her.

She is the Mother of another Mother, with whom I lived for more than a quarter of a Century in the greatest happiness ; and to whom I have been indebted, more than to any other human being ; for, from her wise counsels and holy life, I derived daily instruction. Her lovely, unselfish character endeared her to all her friends. She is not here. Her work is done, and she has gone to her rest.

But here are her children ; and I am

most happy to embrace this occasion to say, that, to their beloved Mother's teaching and gentle influence, they are largely indebted for a measure of happiness which has rarely been exceeded.

The instructions received from her Parents in the morning of life, were imparted to her own children ; and I now present them to their honoured Grandmother, as children who, by their filial respect and love, as well as by their rectitude of conduct, have done much to promote my own happiness, and also the happiness of their lamented Mother.

When I look around upon this numerous group of descendants, and know that each one loves and venerates her who this evening occupies the seat of honour, and know also that there is not one among them all, whose life or conduct is such as to give our aged Mother undue anxiety, I am led to ask—who can doubt that here we see the fruit of the seed sown by pious, exemplary Parents ; who most faithfully inculcated those great principles of piety and uprightness, which lie

at the foundation of human happiness and usefulness ?

My dear Mother !—we owe you a debt of gratitude, which no words can adequately express. Although your life has been quiet, and without public observation, yet your pious and gentle influence will be felt by a numerous posterity for many generations. More to be coveted is the place you occupy, than the seat of princes, or of the honourable of the earth.

As the scenes of life gradually recede, may you have a brighter, clearer view of that Heavenly Rest, which is prepared for you ; and when your work on earth is done, may you hear the sweet, tender accents of your Saviour, saying—“ Well done, good and faithful servant ; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

Mr. HENRY C. PORTER, a Son-in-Law, then said :

How gratifying it must be to her on whose account we are this evening convened, to look back more than two-score years since,

to the time when the New York City Maternal Association was organized : she being one of the seven Mothers, who met together to form the Association.

A clause was appended to the Constitution, that each Mother should devote the birth-day of each child, to fasting and prayer for that child *in particular*. Our beloved Mother thought, that perhaps it might be impracticable for her fully to carry it out, having so many domestic duties demanding her attention ; but persevered in the desire to accomplish such an object. The next month, the birth-day of her second daughter occurred, and after overcoming every obstacle, her desire was accomplished. She found it a very profitable season, and ever after continued the practice, as far as circumstances would permit ; and has the satisfaction of knowing, that all her children were hopefully renewed in early life. The attention of the daughter above referred to, was soon after her birth-day arrested to the concerns of her soul ; and after giving satisfactory evidence of a change of heart, she pub-

licly professed her faith in Christ, being the first fruits of the New York Maternal Association. In the inscrutable Providence of God, she was suddenly called hence, with a hope full of immortality, to dwell in the presence of the Saviour whom her soul loved, and enjoy the Rest which remaineth for the people of God. In the hour of departure, she sent this message to the Mothers of the Association—“*Tell them to train up their children for God, and not for the forms of this world.*” As to her Christian faithfulness in this respect, her children can testify.

We here see the happy influence descending from the Mother to the Daughter ; but I will not occupy more time, in narrating multiplied details of her usefulness, which the last day will more fully develope ; and she will pardon me, I trust, for making mention of what I have ; and now, my dear Mother, I fully respond to the sentiment which has this evening been uttered, that we owe you a debt of gratitude, which no words can adequately express.

We are all rapidly crossing the narrow

isthmus of time toward the ocean of eternity. Of the seven mothers who first organized that excellent Institution, of which you were one of its founders, all but one have been called from earth to enter upon their heavenly rest ; and we have cause for gratitude, that the only survivor is in the enjoyment of such health as to unite with us, and take part on this interesting occasion. And when the shadows of evening gather around you, and the scenes of this world are receding from your view, and eternal realities burst on your vision, may your faith in the Redeemer be triumphant ; confiding in Him, may you be safely conducted through the valley of the shadow of Death, and peacefully wafted into the haven of Eternal Rest, and in the glorious Resurrection morn, when the Archangel's trump shall summon the sleeping dust from their graves, arise in your Saviour's image, to be ever present with the Lord.

The Rev. MATSON M. SMITH of Bridgeport, Conn., a Grandson-in-Law, then led in a fervent and appropriate prayer, in which each heart joined ; after which, the following

well-known hymn, selected by our Grand-mother, was sung to the tune of Brattle Street :

Whilst thee I seek, protecting Power,
 Be my vain wishes stilled,
 And may this consecrated hour,
 With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
 To thee, my thoughts would soar ;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
 That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see :
 Each blessing to my soul most dear,
 Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings the favoured hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill,
 Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will. :

My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see,
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
 That heart shall rest on thee.

After the singing of this hymn, affectionate salutations were interchanged among those present—then they partook of a Supper prepared for the occasion, and the remainder of the evening was spent in music and conversation, until the assembly broke up at a comparatively early hour, with hallowed recollections, not soon to be forgotten.

The following letter from Rev. CHARLES CLEVELAND of Boston, the only surviving Brother of Mrs. Dodge, and now in his *eighty-ninth* year, was received on her birthday :

Boston, November 6, 1860.

MY BELOVED SISTER :—Should you live until to-morrow, you will have passed *eighty* years of your pilgrimage through a world of sin and of many trials. Soon will *you* and your *brother* reach a most glorious home, to be forever with Him, whom we love as the chiefest

among ten thousands ; nor shall we see Him as “ through a glass darkly,” but *face to face*. Yes, blessed be God, Who hath in so many years given us to discover, in a happy measure, a dawning sense of His glorious attributes, as shining in the face of Jesus Christ. Blessed be God, manifested in the flesh, who hath given us the heart-comforting assurance, that, among the *many* mansions prepared for His blood-washed flock, *one* is prepared for each of *us*. How sweet the promise, “ where I am, there shall also my servants be.” In this world of perpetual change, each revolving year numbering its thousands passing to their long home, *our* lives are still most wonderfully protracted. In all these by gone years, when passing through the waters, hath not the beloved of our souls been with us ? or through the rivers, have they overflowed ? When walking through the fire, have we been burned ? hath the flame kindled upon us ? Has not the Lord our God, the Holy One of Israel our Saviour, been at all times, and under all circumstances, a very present help ? and have we not in spirit,

however weak the flesh, esteemed such trials of our faith more precious than of gold that perisheth, as so many means appointed of God, to bring us nearer to himself, disposed, with a more child-like disposition, to lay ourselves passively in His hands, rejoicing in His sovereignty, *never* misdirected in its operations ?

Our journey towards the New Jerusalem *cannot* be distant in its termination. The pearly gates of the Holy City are, I had almost said, in full view ; indeed, do we not see them with the eye of faith ? In a very few months, or weeks, or days ; and we shall enter through the gates into the City, where neither sun nor moon shineth. They are not needed ; for “the glory of God doth lighten it, and the *Lamb* is the light thereof.” *There*, dear sister, shall we see His glory in all its effulgence, too bright and dazzling for mortal eyes. What heart of stone but glows at thoughts like these ? “Such contemplations mount, and should mount the soul still higher ; nor ever glance on man, unraptured, uninflamed.”

We read, dear sister, that “Enoch was translated, that he should not see death, having this testimony, that he *pleased* God.” *We*, having obtained the like precious faith, as we humbly trust, shall meet the glorified Patriarch in Heaven. Nor will *our* robes, “washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb,” be less white than his, but equally spotless.

True, we shall, as well as the whole race of man, pass through “the valley of the shadow of death;” but the virtue of the balm of Gilead having extracted its sting, we shall be ushered into the immediate presence of our well-beloved, whose promise, “Lo, I am with thee,” will illuminate the way. The *last enemy* will be destroyed, and each member of the ransomed flock will enter Zion “with songs and everlasting joys upon his head.” No marvel, that the very first note of the never-ending song of the redeemed, from the harps of the ten thousand times ten thousand, with the multitude of voices raised in sweet chorus, will be “Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in

His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, and the Father, be glory and dominion for ever and ever." Then, my dear sister, with these bright prospects before us, let us be prepared *at any moment* when the Master shall call, to yield up our spirits to His *wise* and *gracious* disposal.

"See the kind angels at the gates,
 Inviting us to come;
There Jesus the forerunner waits,
 To welcome travellers home.

"*There*, on a green and flowery mount,
 Or weary souls shall sit;
 And with transporting joys recount
 The labours of our feet.

"Eternal glory to the King
 Who brought us safely through;
 Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
 And endless praise renew."

Please remember me affectionately to all dear connections who may call to offer their congratulations, on your birth-day. Though *absent* in flesh, yet shall I be *present* with

you in spirit. That each visitant may find his and her soul refreshed, in taking the same spiritual meat and the same spiritual drink from the rock Christ, which supplied the children of Israel through all their journeyings, and will continue to follow and refresh each member of His flock to the end of time ; and that we may *all*, through the intercession of our great High-Priest, be admitted to sit with him on his throne, even as He who has overcome, is seated with His Father on His throne, is the fervent prayer of

Your Affectionate Brother,

CHARLES CLEVELAND.

The following lines to her Mother were received from her only surviving daughter, MRS. E. C. KINNEY of Florence, Italy :

FOURSCORE.

Joyfully, joyfully come to the meeting,

She who will crown it, is Mother of all !

Three generations unite in the greeting—

Children of children respond to the call :

All meet together, the great and the small,

All with one heart the same language repeating—

Blessings on HER who is MOTHER of all.

Reverently, reverently, come we to honour
 Her, whose whole life benedictions hath shed,
 Green in her age, yet with fourscore years on her,
 Crowning with glory her unsilvered head.
 Mother in Israel! us hath she led
 Onward and up to the Heavenly Donor—
 Blessings this day for our MOTHER be said.

Thankfully, thankfully, come then to greet her,
 Blessed of many—by many be blessed!
 Some have gone hence—thanks, *we* live to repeat t' her
 How, in departing, her worth they confessed:
 Thanks, she survives HIM, who went to his rest.
 Patriarch father! there waiting to meet her,
 Crown with thy blessing, our own here expressed.

Prayerfully, prayerfully, her now surrounding,
 Let us implore the Great Father of all,
 Still to preserve in his mercy abounding,
 Her, whom at *fourscore* our MOTHER we call;
 Gently to lead her when life's shadows fall;
 And when on our sad hearts, her last words are sound-
 ing,
 O God! bless our MOTHER, as she blesses all.

E. C. K.

FLORENCE, *November 7*, 1860.

The following, taken from the *New York Evangelist*, was written by CHAS. TRUMBULL WHITE, a grandson :

OUR GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTH-DAY.

We had assembled together to celebrate the eightieth anniversary of the birth-day of our Grandmother. As we tendered our heartfelt wishes for her welfare and happiness, how grateful we felt for our right to call her Mother. We have fully realized the true enjoyment of a happy family reunion. The larger part of our widely-extended family-circle was collected. Time has dealt lightly with our dear old Grandmother, though her somewhat feeble form might betoken a loss of vigour, were it not for the sparkle of her bright black eye, and the dark locks of hair which stray out from beneath her snowy cap. She does not seem old to us, for we know that her heart is still fresh and young, and glowing with love for her children. She views with honest pride her numerous descendants, and well she may ; for many noble hearts are about her. There are those who once, as babes, were fondled on her knee,—now fathers, in the vigour of manhood ; mothers, carrying out in their own families the precepts she imparted to them ; young men, strong and

active ; young women, already at the head of households ; and maidens, just blushing into womanhood ;—and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren too, with merry hearts, tripping about full of gladsome mirth. Our eyes may moisten as we miss some dear familiar faces from this happy group ; but perchance they too are with us as angel forms, hovering over our circle, breathing the peace and harmony of heaven. Every face is beaming with affectionate interest, every eye kindles, and every heart beats quickly, as the thought comes up, of the occasion which brings us together.

Who can gaze upon such a sweet scene of domestic felicity, and see so many hearts all united in the truest harmony and love, and still speak sneeringly of the friendship of kindred, or the influence of the family-circle ?

Where shall we find such heartfelt interest and sympathy as among our kindred ? In the hour of joy, there have been no warmer hands than theirs to press our own ; and when our houses have been hung with

the sable hues of mourning, their voices have been our consolation, as they mingled the tear of bereavement with ours. Which of us can fully know how greatly we are indebted to the influence of the family-circle?

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He who withdraws from constant intercourse with his kindred, soon finding the world selfish and heartless, in seclusion turns to his own narrow *self* for sympathy and love. His peculiarities and defects become the more apparent from his isolated condition, and his life is solitary and cheerless, until, his days being numbered, he dies with the brand of a *useless life* upon his forehead. But he who seeks the influence of the family-circle, and loves to live in kindly sympathy with those bound to him by ties of kindred, intermingling and moving amongst them, impelled by the stream of sincere affection, will, like the pebbles of the rivulet, grow better and purer by each day's contact with his fellows, and spend his years in receiving and communicating the varied excellencies which unite to make and adorn a virtuous,

happy, and useful life. If this is so respecting the influence of the earthly family, in how much greater measure is it true of the family of Christ. Those, who, though called by His name, refrain from contact with His children, and in the seclusion of their own hearts, look for that growth in Christian grace which can only be found in sweet communion with others, and in active usefulness, will find, too soon, their error. The goodly qualities of their own hearts will be exhausted by the constant drain upon them, until, losing their hold upon the Christian faith, they become cold, senseless, and ruined beings. But they who delight in Christian sympathy and love, and rejoice with others to receive or impart such benefits as will purify and invigorate their souls, and employ their time and strength in acts of usefulness, will be growing brighter and better until the angel of death comes to transplant them to a higher and nobler sphere ; where, in never-ending happiness and peace, they shall find the sweet recompense of their well spent earthly years.

C. T. W.















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